

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe :
Oh, that *Glendower* were come,

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes,

Dawg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto ?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may serue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dawg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Exeunt.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through ; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Capitaine ?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage ; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Capitaine : farewell.

Exit.

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet ; I
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300, and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes ; ſuch a com-
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke : I preſſe me none but ſuch
Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices : and now, my
whole

Henry the

whole charge conſiſtes of An
Gentlemen of Companies, ſome
painted Cloath where the Glut
ſuch as iudeed were neuer Soul
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to yo
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Ca
peace, times more diſhonoural
cient : and ſuch haue I to fill
bought out their ſeruices, that
hundred and fiftie rottered Pr
keeping, from eating draffe an
on the way, and tould mee I ha
preſt the dead bodies. No ey
Ile not march through *Conentry*
the villaines march wide betwe
on, for indeed, I had the moſt
a ſhirt and a halfe in all my cor
Napkins tackt togeather, and
Heralds coate without ſleeue
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S.*
of *Daintry* : but that's all one, j
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and

Prin. How now blowne Iac

Fal. What *Hal*? How now

in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L.

thought your honour had alre

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is n

and you too; but my powers

tell you, lookes for vs all ; we

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell m

Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale *Cr*

ready made thee butter : but

theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch p

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough